

# Houghton Department

TELEPHONE SOUTH 18

## WELL KNOWN COMMERCIAL MAN DIES FROM INJURY

Detroit of Wide Acquaintance in Copper Country Victim of Automobile Accident in His Home City Recently.

Grant H. Rouse, vice president of the Detroit Clear Manufacturing company, who traveled through the upper peninsula for a number of years, and is well known in this region, is dead as a result of injuries suffered when he was struck by an automobile. He was crossing the street at the intersection of Woodward and Grand River avenues in Detroit when he was run down. He was removed to St. Mary's hospital and two days before his death he was pronounced out of danger and was taken to his home, but he suffered a relapse an hour or two before he passed away.

During the several years Mr. Rouse traveled in this region he established a big trade for the Green Seal cigars, which the company manufactures. Most of his orders were filled by the jobbing concerns. Mr. Rouse made this territory every sixty days and was in the copper country on his last trip in November. He had a number of intimate friends in this region, and the announcement of his death will be received with regret.

The Detroit News had the following mention of his demise:

"Grant H. Rouse, vice president of the Detroit Clear Manufacturing company, who was struck by an automobile at Woodward and Grand River avenues, died at his home, 2087 West Grand boulevard, last evening, as a result of his injuries. He was taken from St. Mary's hospital Wednesday, and his recovery had been expected, but he was taken with a relapse.

"No one was able to identify the driver who struck Mr. Rouse. The only one who could give a good description of him to the police was Deputy Sheriff Crogo, of Flint. If caught, the man probably will be prosecuted for manslaughter.

"Mr. Rouse was one of the most popular traveling men in Michigan. Besides his duties as vice president of his company, he took care of his sales business in Wisconsin and Michigan. He was past senior councillor of Cadillac council, No. 143, United Commercial Travelers, and a member of the Michigan Knights of the Grip, Detroit lodge, No. 2, F. and A. M., and Detroit lodge, No. 24, B. P. O. E."

## SHOULD PROTECT SETTLERS.

Duty of State to Prevent Selling Home-seekers Gold Bricks.

"Some measures must be taken to prevent the sale of absolutely barren lands in Michigan to ignorant purchasers by land sharks," says Robert Graham, president of the state board of agriculture. "There have been new methods of farming discovered by which barren land can be made productive and there is an opportunity for people to be robbed of their money unless they are careful to make a thorough investigation before buying. I know there is plenty of good cheap land for settlers, but there are also many acres that will not grow anything in the shape of crops, and we can't afford to have people robbed with that land."

"Asked how some measure of protection could be provided, Mr. Graham said that he understood the state public domain commission intends to withdraw a large quantity of the worthless lands from sale, and will whenever requested, furnish prospective buyers with all the information at hand as to the land they propose to purchase.

"I do not want to stand in the way of the plan of some citizens to interest settlers in Michigan but I do not want to have people buy farms in certain sections of this state with any idea that they can grow crops on them, for I know they cannot. We have plenty of good lands which can be turned into profitable farms by settlers, but it is the duty of the state to see to it that farmers do not sell worthless land to people who are seeking a chance to establish a home."

The Duke of Wellington lodge, Sons of St. George of Trimountain will occupy its new quarters in the Trimountain hall for the first time tomorrow evening. The regular meeting will open at 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon, following which supper will be served. Joseph P. Vigneux, who has been proprietor of the Citizens' barber shop in the Citizens bank building for the past two years, has retired from that place of business and has taken over the business of Mort O. Sullivan in the shop adjoining the Lyric theater.

## David Armit

AGENT Mathew Seiler, 2011 Ave. Life Fire Accident and Plate Glass

## INSURANCE

Richetta Bldg. Laurium Phone 266

## FOR SALE

8-room house and bath, stone foundation, situated 210 Osceola st., at a bargain if taken at once.

## BUILDING OUTLOOK FOR NEW YEAR VERY BRIGHT

Hildebrand and Marcotte Are Making Plans for the Erection of Thirty-two New Houses—Demand for Houses is Large.

The firm of Hildebrand & Marcotte of Houghton has during the past year completed work upon forty new houses at Dodgeville and Superior, and plans are being made for the erection of a large number of new dwellings during the coming year. All of the buildings erected are now occupied and a large number of others could be placed in use at once. The firm is planning the erection of 32 new homes next summer, and Mr. Hildebrand will leave soon for the larger lumber markets to order the material for the same.

In discussing this situation today, Mr. Hildebrand stated that the demand for homes in Houghton is so large that no trouble would be experienced in getting as many dwelling houses as can be built next summer. The outlook for real estate during the coming year is very bright.

will sing carols and entertain friends at the home of William Dunstone of West Houghton this evening.

Miss Anna Cote has gone to Eau Claire, Wis., to take a position with the Ronded Rapid Collecting agency as stenographer.

Ell Russiere has gone to Green Bay, Wis., to take a position as operator in a railroad office at that place. He expects to take a similar position with the Duluth & Iron Range railroad at Tower, Minn., in the spring.

A holiday dance will be given in the Michigan College of Mines gymnasium tomorrow night.

Manager Slusser of the Red Wing hockey team objects to a report that Dollar Bay defeated the Red Wings 11 to 10 on Christmas day and in support of this says that it was a Dollar Bay referee who gave the Red Wings credit for 12 goals. Red Wings are now open to play any juvenile team, Dollar Bay, especially.

Deeds have been filed with Register of Deeds Mackenzie, recording the purchase of the lands of the New Baltic cognor company. The Edwards estate of Houghton sells to this company Section 16, township 55, north of 33rd west. The New Arcadian company also gave a deed to the New Baltic interests in Section 16, of all rights except to reserve the mineral right in the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter in said section 16.

James Duggan writes to a Houghton friend from Detroit to the effect that he will not act as trainer of the Wanderers hockey team this year, the terms offered him being unsatisfactory.

Arrangements have been made for a holiday dancing party to be given in the M. C. M. college gymnasium on January 1.

### SAM'S STRATAGEM

By ARTHUR W. PEACH

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The slim girl, busy in the garden patch, straightened suddenly as she heard her name called softly and anxiously.

"Here I am, Sammy," she answered clearly.

A little fellow shot from 'round the corner of the shed, his eyes wide and fearful; he swung himself on his crutches close to where she was standing and whispered hoarsely:

"Marry, they're going to shoot Jim to-night. I heard them say so!"

With a low cry she dropped the trowel in her hand and grasped the little cripple's shoulder. "Sammy, where are they?" she asked.

"They're in the back room of the barn," was his answer. And she was gone.

Word had come among the mountain people that the government was sending spies among them in an attempt to discover where they were carrying on their illegal distilling, and Mary had known for some time that Jake Emmons, whom she and the cripple knew as their father, was trying to direct the suspicion of his friends toward the law-looking stranger known as Jim Symons, who had recently come among them.

Symons, in his ready, friendly way, had made friends with her, and he often came to the little cabin to see her. She had warned him of his danger, but he had carelessly told her not to worry.

Now, as she slipped softly down the walk to the shed, her heart beating fast and hard, her only fear was that she would not be able to save the brave, fearless young fellow who had won her heart. She heard the low mutter of voices, and kneeling close to the boards of the barn she listened. Emmons was speaking.

"There's only one way to stop this once for all. If we don't some of us are going to spend the rest of our days in a brick cell. The thing to do is for some one to walk up to his window about supper time and finish him, that's—did you hear any noise then? All right—English him and have it over with."

Another voice went on: "It's the only way. Let's draw for the man."

Marry, quivering with the tension, listened. "It's you, Emmons," the voice said.

She started to leave, when suddenly, with a swift bang, the door was flung open; she had a dizzy sensation of being seized and shaken hard. Then things steadied, and she found herself looking into Emmons' cruel eyes.

"Oh, you would, would you?" he snarled, his eyes burning into hers. "You would put that spy wise to what

we're going to do to him? We'll see whether you will or not!"

His strong hands seemed to crush her flesh where he held her. "You come with me!" he snapped at her.

He went into the house, and opening a door into her own room, he threw her in and slid the heavy bolt. He turned to the little cripple, who stood eyeing him steadily from the doorway.

"Now, you leave that door alone, or I'll—" He stopped, but the threat in his eyes made the little fellow quail.

Marry heard it where she had fallen in her room. Through her brain, crazed with the thought of her lover in danger, sounded the last words she had heard. They were planning to shoot him in the night, and she was powerless.

Night came swiftly and silently. She stood near the small window and looked out. There was nothing to do save mark the hours as they passed until Emmons should return with his work accomplished. Sammy, with his deep dread of Emmons, would not dare to help her, nor, knowing the price he must pay, would she ask him.

Suddenly, when the dusk was heavy on the hills, the sound of Emmons' footsteps grew heavy and passed out on his murderous errand. Still as a statue, she listened. She caught the soft low shuffle of the little cripple's crutches. There was a rattling at the door. She waited in nervous fear; slowly she heard the iron slide back. She was free!

She swung back to the door and gathered him in her arms. He gripped

her tightly. "My brave little Sammy!" she whispered.

He answered bravely, yet trembling. "The old fellow hit me, but I dist!"

In a few moments her preparations were made. She turned at the door, and a sob gathered in her throat as she saw the white little figure watching her with silent appeal. "Marry, take me—" was all it said.

"How can I? I will come back," she answered hurriedly. "I am going to warn Jim."

Down the broken path she fled, through the pasture, and turned up the narrow trail, hoping against hope that Emmons would take the long road to Symons' cabin, and that she might reach him in time. Once she lost the path and, feverishly, she hunted until she found it. At last she reached the slope above the creek, where, among the low brush, Symons had his shack. The light was burning, it looked peaceful, but well she knew that somewhere between her and the light Emmons was creeping with his rifle ready.

Her feet found the path. She pressed on as carefully as she could, determined to reach him in time to save him; but as she commenced the climb she wavered; the strain was telling. Suddenly she saw the face of a man show for a moment in the yellow light as he peered stealthily into the window of the cabin. The face disappeared. Then a long, thin thing was leveled. All her will power she flung into her cry of warning, but it blended into the sound of the rifle as it gashed livid fire through the night into the window.

There was a crash of wood, the sound of speeding feet, a sharp cry, and—silence. Mary staggered to the door, expecting to see her lover writhing in the death agony; but as she neared it the door was thrown open wildly and a strong face, black with powder and set in line of battle, bent over hers as she fell.

"Marry! Great heavens! what does this mean?" he cried.

"Jim, they were planning—" she paused as she saw the look of understanding in his eyes. Then suddenly she saw the stain on his face. "Jim, you're wounded!"

He rubbed the powder from his face. "No, but I ought to be. That gun went off full in my face. Come," he said shortly, "you and I must get out of this—quick! Marry, will you go with me wherever I go, for good and all? His face was anxious and grave.

Her answer was not in words, but it seemed satisfactory.

A little later they rode away swiftly. At the pike Mary stopped her horse short. "Jim, there's Sammy; I told him I would some back for him."

"We will," was Symons' simple, quiet answer.

They had ridden only a short distance when, sharply, out of the darkness a little figure scuttled. It was Sammy. "Marry! Marry! I knowed you'd come—it's me!"

Symons reached down from the saddle and gathered the frail little form in his arms. As they rode on he told him how the little fellow had released her that she might come to warn him. When she had explained it in a few tender words, Sammy broke in:

"I fixed his gun, too."

"How's that?" Symons asked, starting at the statement, for he knew he had looked squarely at a rifle muzzle,

and yet was unharmed.

"He loaded his gun while I was there and put it in a corner. I've loaded guns and knew what to do. I took the cartridge out when he wasn't in the room, and squeezed the bullet out, and put the cartridge back and—"

"Sammy," Symons' arm went round him tight, "it was you who saved my life."

Sammy snuggled close to him. "He keeps licking me—and I want to go—where are you going?" he suddenly asked, interestedly.

Symons laughed softly, a laugh of happiness. "I'm going to take you and Marry to a home where we can all be happy together."

Sammy sighed a long contented sigh, as if he felt at last he was on his way to peace.

One Thing He Was Sure Of.

John McCormack, the Irish tenor, who made his debut at the Manhattan opera house recently, has already become a great favorite with his fellow countrymen in New York. Arthur Hammerstein says that he was being shaved the other day by an Italian whom he often patronizes and who is a great partisan of Enrico Caruso.

"I asked the barber," said Mr. Hammerstein, "what he thought of McCormack. 'He's a fine singer, but he's not in Caruso's class,' replied the tenor's artist, whereupon a man who had been waiting to be shaved jumped up and in a brogue as broad as the East river retorted that the Italian didn't know what he was talking about. Though Mr. McCormack is one of my father's chief artists I didn't want a fight, as I like the barber and the Irishman looked as if he could whip the whole shop, so I suggested that the two tenors were of different type, McCormack being a lyric and Caruso a dramatic tenor. At this the son of the Emerald Isle roared out: 'I don't care what kind of a tenor Johnny McCormack is, I know he can sing like hell!'"—New York Sun.

Combat Disease in Philippines.

Over 5,000,000 people in the Philippines have been vaccinated since Uncle Sam took possession and districts in which over 6,000 deaths were reported annually from smallpox now have only a few scattering cases. About ninety per cent. of the inhabitants are afflicted with intestinal parasites, of which over ten per cent. are uncinaria or hookworms. Measures to combat these conditions are being rapidly perfected.—Survey.

## HE WANTED TO BE ON TIME

But it is Probable Mrs. Blank Had Something to Say to Him That Night.

He was a very busy man, and, like all of his kind, he hated to waste time by unnecessary waiting. That was why in the midst of his correspondence, along about 11 o'clock the other morning, he paused, and, turning to his secretary, requested him to ring up his residence on the phone.

"Jimmison," he said, "get my house on the wire and ask Mrs. Blank to come to the phone. Just tell them that I wish to speak to her."

The secretary made off, and in a few minutes the required connection was made.

"Is that you, Marry?" he said.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well, this is John," he said. "I have just rung you up to tell you that Barker was in here this morning with two tickets for the theater to-night. He and Mrs. Barker have been called suddenly out of town, and he thought we might like to use the tickets. How about it?"

"Fine," replied Mrs. Blank. "I have nothing else to do."

"All right, my dear," continued Blank. "The curtain rises at 8:30."

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Blank.

"I thought I'd let you know in time, so that directly you have had your lunch you can begin to put your hat on," he went on. "Then we can get there before the middle of the first act. Bye-by, dear."

The only answer was an angry click at the other end of the wire, which seemed to indicate that another receiver was in trouble, but Mr. Blank only laughed as he returned to his work.—Lippincott's.

In older days schoolmasters were paid sixty-two cents a month.

## Ask Your Grocer About This Offer

HERE is a flour guaranteed by men who know. Famous food experts are testing it constantly for food value—baking qualities—and purity. Expert bakers at our mills are making bread and pastry of it every day. Their reports show that Occident Flour is "highest grade" in the world. Only one more proof is needed—see, what it will do for you in your own kitchen.

### OCIDENT FLOUR

Get a sack from your grocer and use it for several bakings. It costs you nothing. If you don't like it—but you'll find that Occident Flour turns out more satisfactory baked stuff with less effort on your part than any flour you ever had in this house. If not—go back to your grocer, and he is authorized to refund, without argument, the full purchase price of any package of Occident which you do not find satisfactory. The cost is a few cents greater—but that enables the millers to make Occident Flour "highest grade in the world"—from wheat to package. Why not call up the grocer?

For sale by all dealers. Stone Ordean Wells Co. Hancock, Mich., wholesale distributors.

The Human Owl. The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin and never seeing noble game.—Henry Ward Beecher.

To Open a Can. In case a screw top on a can sticks strike the cover lightly with the handle of an old knife if there is no tack hammer convenient, while you turn the can. In a few moments the most stubborn cover will open with simply a slight twist.

Youth's Illusive Dreams. "When I was a youngster I wanted to be a pirate and sail the sea and make men tremble when I spoke." "Well, you do travel some." "Yes; but instead of making anybody tremble I'm thankful for a kind word from a customs officer."

New York Becoming Civilized. Light is being let into New York City. The traditional number of dark rooms in the tenements for many years been 350,000, and now only 101,117 can be found after careful inspection.

## To Be First Lady of Canada



H. R. H. PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.

Montreal, Que., Dec. 31.—For the first time in history a prince of the blood will rule in person over a North American country, as if present plans carry, the Duke of Connaught, King Edward's brother is to be the next governor general of Canada.

The formal acquiescence of the Canadian authorities is all that is necessary to make the appointment an accomplished fact.

Should Prince Patrick receive the appointment, his daughter, the Princess Patricia, one of the most popular and beautiful princesses of Europe, would accompany him to Canada and would rule over society in the new world as her aunt, the Princess Louise, did in the days when the Marquis of Lorne was governor general.

The naming of the Duke of Connaught as governor general to succeed Earl Grey, who will retire next year, has been met with great approval on both sides of the Atlantic. In England it is thought the appointment

would serve still further to augment the Anglican preference—Canada has shown to a marked degree in recent years.

In Canada, on the other hand, there is still the recollection of the days when Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria and wife of the Marquis of Lorne, cheered it at Ottawa as first lady of the land and spouse of the governor general.

The appointment of the son of Queen Victoria to represent Edward VII at Ottawa would be a recognition by the British government of the importance of Canada and an intimation that the northern strip of the American continent is not such a wild and unexplored portion of the west that it is unsafe to send a member of the royal family there.

The installation of Prince Patrick as governor general at Ottawa will make that city the society center of the continent.



Note—James J. Patten, it is said, will lose millions through his speculations on corn.